

THE HOUSE

Barbara Hughes poetry

the house at the end of the mountain road
holds its secrets like the sea
whispering to me to wander in its solitude

the rain softly taps on the tin roof
spilling down gray through ageless stars
I had a dream on its grasses where you ended and I began

I would enter you to find myself
your photo hangs in that corner room dad
where loved ones refuse to return

at this house, ghosts of forgotten family fade away
in the ebb and flow of terrestrial tides
I follow the liquid echoes that loop and chase

floor boards creak with your soundless footsteps Dad
a faceless man behind the reflection of windows
next time say goodbye before you cross beyond the pale

I am a child again as you disappear under the moon's scars
but how far can my small legs run against the dark to keep up
are you the phantom or is it me?

dust dances in the eclipse of my eyes.
it's nightfall, the sky is filled with shadows
in my hands they lay dying...just like your energy.